

JOURNAL

OF THE

New York Entomological Society.

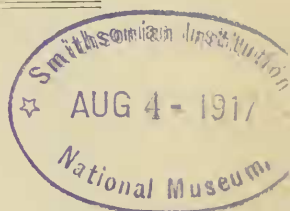
VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1917.

No. 2.

A FEW MEMORIES. II.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.



It was in the early days of my interest in entomology that I first met Prof. A. S. Packard. The details of our meeting were somewhat amusing. I was at Enterprise, in Florida. My brother-in-law, Dr. William C. Prime, was with me, taking, as usual, much interest in my pursuits and collecting for me with earnestness and skill.

One afternoon when he came in from a fishing trip he told me he had met a man with a butterfly net looking for insects, and had a chat with him. With an amateur's conceit and self-satisfaction he had given the stranger some points and stated a few elementary facts in entomology. At parting the newcomer had presented his card and my brother produced it. Fancy my surprise when I saw the name of A. S. Packard for whom I, as a beginner, had unbounded reverence and admiration. When I exclaimed "Why that is the great entomologist. I have one of his books here with me now," the unconvinced tyro said: "Well, he did not act as if he knew much, took my hints gladly and thanked me for them." And this well illustrates the man's modesty and kindness. He was staying at the same hotel, the old Brock House, and there began a friendship between us which lasted the rest of his life. We went out together for a walk the next day. We were talking quietly, he telling me of meeting some friends of mine in Europe, and I speaking of their characteristics. Not a suggestion of anything entomological showed in our talk and

I, for the moment, had forgotten insect life and its interest when my companion started suddenly and quickly. Throwing back his left arm to prevent my advance—almost, in fact, pushing me back—he snatched a cyanide bottle from coat pocket, pulled the cork and rapidly, though stealthily, placed the mouth over a large moth resting with outspread wings upon the bark of a live oak near by. As he replaced the cork he said "*Bronchelia hortaria*, a fine specimen" and, almost in the same breath, "Do your friends still live in Boston?" this last question a continuation of the interrupted conversation of a few minutes back. This incident is also typical of his character. He was an accomplished, well-read man and could converse with charm upon varied topics, but he never wholly forgot his favorite pursuit. In the midst of talk upon literature, art, travel, a faint, almost hidden entomological allusion would rouse him to capture and hold it. He was a charming man, gentle, modest, utterly loyal in his friendships. When I returned home a few weeks after first meeting him I found a copy of his large work on the Geometridæ sent by him with a pleasant inscription on a blank leaf. We corresponded at intervals after that and often met, my brother's house being usually his home when he came to New York, and he often visited us at our cottage in the White Mountains. In July, '88, he wrote: "I am slowly collecting material for a monographic revision of the Bombyces and Zygænidæ, with special reference to the larval histories." "The great want now is colored drawings of the larval stages, from the egg up, of these groups, like those worked out so fully by Mr. W. H. Edwards for the butterflies."

I tried, with varying success, to help him in this. He was anxious for material for the life history of my *Ecpantheria denudata* but I failed to secure it. In his absence from home the eggs or larvæ of this species sent by me from time to time were not found by him till too late and he was much disappointed. His artist and friend, Mr. Joseph Bridgman took an enthusiastic interest in the work and I have many letters from him concerning his success or failure in raising material sent by me in Professor Packard's absence. Both were greatly interested in my finding in the larva of *Scirarctia echo* the "army worm" of the east coast of Florida where it was then very destructive locally. I sent some of the first eggs I could procure and as Dr. Packard was just about starting for Europe he handed

them over to Mr. Bridgham who wrote me as follows: "I separated the eggs into two lots and endeavored to retard their hatching as much as possible. One set I kept in as cool a place as I dared, and the rest in a room without heat. They *all* hatched however within a few hours of each other. Despite my efforts I lost many in the early stages, but have succeeded in raising fourteen to what should be their last stage before going into cocoon. They are very large and handsome. I feed them on lettuce and keep them constantly in the dark and in a large airtight box. They feed continually in the dark and the exclusion of air keeps the food from becoming dry, while there is yet sufficient air for their support." He then goes on to describe the larvæ briefly in the various stages and adds: "I have drawn them in six stages and shall add another figure life size." A fortnight later he wrote: "It is rather mortifying to have to confess that I did not succeed in bringing any of my larvæ to perfection. They fed well and grew large but failed to go into chrysalis." Mr. Henry Edwards and I were more successful, however, and our descriptions were published later.

In 1890 I took at Miami several specimens of a small white moth, quite new to me. I sent one of these to Professor Packard, who was much interested in it. He wrote later: "I have been working over the beautiful and most interesting moth you so kindly gave me. Have you the other sex, a female? Singularly enough the late Professor Poey gave me a female of an allied large species from Cuba and I would like to see a female of your species before publishing results. It is a new genus of Limacodid moths which I shall call *Eupaya*, naming your species *E. slossonia* if you will allow me. I have the cocoon of the Cuban form. It is snow white."

This moth was afterwards placed by Dyar in the genus *Calybia* Kirby. I am not sure whether it has remained there, for our insects are often wanderers with no abiding place in the changing world of catalogues and lists. Mr. Dyar studied the species in Florida from egg to image and wrote an interesting paper concerning it, with illustrations in N. Y. JOUR. OF ENTOMOLOGY, Vol. V.

An amusing incident concerning his study of the species is not out of place here. I was in Florida while Mr. Dyar was there and he had showed me the curious larvæ feeding on mangrove and the chalky white cocoons. He left the place before I did, taking with

him several apparently full-grown larvæ and a quantity of the food plant. Some days after his departure as I entered the hotel after a morning of collecting the telegraph operator met me with a solemn face. Lowering his voice he told me that I would find a telegram slipped under the door of my room. Then he hesitated, and looking more and more solemn said in hushed tones: "I fear it brings bad news, something about a famine, I think." The dispatch read thus as nearly as I recall it, "Food nearly gone, fear they will die. Please send food at once, H. G. D." My mind was relieved; I hastened to explain matters to the sympathetic telegrapher and started out for the mangroves and nourishment for my starving namesakes.

Many letters passed between Dr. Packard and myself concerning an odd Bombycid moth which I took at Franconia. It somewhat resembled a *Cerura* and was always referred to in our letters as "the *Cerura*-like moth." It was seen by several lepidopterists but seemed new to all. One even thought it might be a noctuid near *Bombycia*. The good professor was intensely interested in the matter and finally, feeling he must solve the problem, wrote to me suggesting the denuding some of the wings of the moth to observe the venation. I had not been a scientist long enough at that time to accept this suggestion gracefully. I clung to my beautiful unique and urged its preservation. That its real name and proper place in the insect world might never be known made it even more interesting to me, and I said so, "speaking as one of the foolish women speaketh," as did, according to Scripture, the wife of long-suffering Job. Dr. Packard protested and persisted. He wrote May 5, 1892: "It is most interesting, can't be a noctuid, seems in most respects to be near *Gluphisia*. Now, as to the venation, by rubbing one fore wing a little on the under side I can make a camera drawing and thus settle satisfactorily, I trust, its position. If it were mine I should do this even to a unique as I don't believe in preserving specimens merely to look at. So I ask if you will let me rub off the scales, beneath, of one wing and await your reply." I could not resist the appeal, consent was given, the soft lining of one of my treasure's forewings removed, venation examined and the moth christened *Ceruridia slossoniæ*. It was afterward found to be a variety of *Gluphisia severa* Hy. Edw., but I believe is still thought worthy of a varietal name, my own, given by

the describer, I suppose, as a sort of reward for my meekness in the denuding matter. If Dr. Packard sometimes asked favors and sacrifices from his friends and fellow enthusiasts, he was, himself, always ready to make full return in the most generous, unselfish way. When he took my breath away by writing to me at Franconia: "My pressing wants just now are the eggs and larvæ of *Sciodonta*, *Lophodonta*—especially *Gluphisia*—also *Nerice* and *Prionia*; try to send them. Also I should like the larva of *Spilosoma congrua*, alive" (you will understand how easy it would be just to go out and procure these desiderata!), he would in the same letter beg me to call upon him freely for identifications, offer me perfect specimens of rare moths and show his loyal friendship in many ways. His was a most generous, unselfish nature. In all the years of our friendship I never heard him say an unkind word concerning another or even show sympathy with or assent to criticisms of fellow scientists uttered in his presence. I remember well one occasion when I spoke to him of an article then recently published in which the writer made allusions to some of the professor's work in a contemptuous and most unpleasant tone. I supposed Dr. Packard had already seen it, but he had not and asked for the magazine containing it. Such a pained expression came into his face that I thought he was deeply wounded at the unjust censure, and tried to show him that none of his many friends and admirers would allow their opinions to be affected by the article. "It is not that," he said, "the worst is that I'm afraid the man is right. I went into that matter too hastily, without sufficient research or study; that is my great fault always. I shall write and tell him this." And I have no doubt that he did so.

"How much American entomology," he wrote, in June, '92, "will miss Henry Edwards. I, myself, shall feel his loss sorely." I am glad I knew them both so well.

Dr. Packard died in 1905, just at the time I, myself, was passing through a great personal sorrow. In the very last letter he sent me, he wrote: "Do you and Dr. Prime go south next winter? I wish I could be with you there. I am just longing for soft warm air instead of the chilly winds of New England, for streams and woods and flowers, and, above all, the new truths I might find there in my—in *our*—favorite pursuit." I believe his longing is satisfied.